UPON THE

Earl of Ossory,

Who Dyed of a

FEAVER.

July 30. 1680.

TO THE

DUTCHESS of ORMOND.

MADAM,

YOur Son's true worth whom we Lament as Dead
Has drawn these Verses from my Heart, not Head;
They are a plain true Narrative of what
All men allow, no feigning what was not;
I never thought you pleas'd with flattering Fictions,
Nor that such stuff was proper in Afflictions:
I seldom Rhime, though there be seasons when
The grav'st and holyest have so us'd their Pen,
Who only Writes on such as OSSORY,
Perhaps needn't Write twice more before they Dy.

I. THE best siz'd Pillar of the fairest Pile;
That has of late been built on *Ireland*'s Isle
Is fall'n; some were to short, others too long,
Some are too old, and others much too young.

II. His numerous Name being like a Town too wide
To be well mann'd, or fully fortifi'd:
He was their Cittadel within, their Mote
Without, their force which on the Sea did flote;
At Land their Army, nothing being more
Ready to fight upon the Sea or Shore.

III. He didn't grasp Commands to scrape up Gold,
When he was Chief, all Offices were sold

'Tis

'Tis true; for what d' you thing? for Skill in Arms,
For Vigilance and Courage, thoſe only Charms
Wrought on his Soul; He that could pay good ſtore
Of Sterling-merit, needed pay no more.

IV. Who knew him well, could not believe that ever
He meant to Dy thus tamely of a FEAVER;
The Fates did diſappoint him; it was their Check
He had not dy'd upon a Blood-ſmear'd Deck,
Or Storming, fell down from a ſcalding Ladder,
Firſt by Granadoes rent, or what is ſadder.
Some Royal Ship his Coffin ſhould have been,
Stranded in Fight where tall Rocks might be ſeen
To ſhew the Sea-faring Crew; where OSSORY
Fought for the Laws, and for the KING did Dy.

V. What muſt we Weep? No, let no Muſes whine,
Nor Verſe be wet with Metaphorick Brine;
His Name's not Dead, who ſtands inſhrin'd with Glory,
Embalm'd by Fame, with Monuments and Story:
Cannons go weep out Flames, Culverins go cry
And roar, from every Ship and Battery,
That *OSSORY*'s gone! gone, whither? to ſcare *Jove*'s Thunder,
And try what Powers can make him Fear or Wonder.

VI. Should his Friends mourn? when this is his Condition,
Or rather piouſly envy's fruition?
No, mourn poor Suitors! who want his helpful word,
Mourn more ye KING's that did deſerve his Sword.

VII. Rather than weep fret, that the KING, the Nation
Ireland, his Houſe, and th' whole Confederation
Of worthy Men, his Children and his Wife
Were all trappann'd and couzen'd of his Life:
For He (who Fire and Ball was proof) with Ice
Was Burnt, and with a *Peach*, ſhot in a trice.

VIII. VVhat did you mean, you blind Fantaſtick Fates,
Thus to exert your envy, pecks and hates?
VVere ye aſleep at *Mons*, why didn't ye there
Kill him, or try if you could make him Fear?
Or tear him with the *Belgick* Lion's Claws?
Or with Death's treble Tooth (Fire, Sword, Sea) Jaws.

IX. Why Sifter Furies! you had been leſs cruel
T'have let him fall in ſome punctillious Duel,
Whilſt he was ſpelling in the *A B C*
Of Honour, and before the World did ſee
And read the Volumns, which his Sword had writ,
Without the help of fourb or fripon wit.
Y'have done your worſt, Him whom you could not beat
Yee treacherouſly have poyſon'd by a Cheat.

X. More *Fameſes* will miſs him, than one or two,
When they have great and dangerous work to do:
Since he has fought enough; Let the next Prize
Be play'd by others; thus th'Heavens juſt and wiſe
(That he might but look on and not engage)
Have call'd him up, to ſee't from their own Stage.

XI. Now Tack about (poor Muſe) 'Tis time to turn,
We do but rant, to ſay we will not mourn:
Tis true, ſome giddy Scepties may rejoyce,
But ſo to do is not in good mens choice;
There will be Mourners, though the moſt ſincere
May neither Muſſelins, Creap, nor long black wear.

XII. Look wiſtly in mens faces, and you'l ſpye
Pitts in their Cheeks, and hollows in their Eye,
Red in the Lidds, and underneath them Blue,
Sallow and pale will be the Nations Hew:
Men of brisk ſtomack will their food refuſe,
And not a few immoderate Wine diſ-uſe.
Now ſleepleſs Heads will tell the Clocks all Night,
And ſlumbring often ſtartle in a fright;
Wh t broken Dreams and Fancies will poſſeſs
Concerned minds? what Vapours will oppreſs
The *Hypocondries* of diſtemper'd Spleen?
More than before for many years was ſeen.

XIII. How many wronged wretches, poor and blind,
Will grope in vain their Remedies to find?
What will the Lame-maim'd Sea-men do? whoſe Cheſt
Was Patron *O S S O R Y*'s moſt munificent Breſt.
The ſound inſtead of ſongs of Drink and Laſs
Will ſing his Name at Helm (each his watch Glaſs)
And on the Deck, fancy the ſtarry Trayn
They ſee, is *O S S O R Y*, up in *Charls* his Wayn;

But

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But ſinging ſigh, That *OSSORY* no more
Shall mak'm fight at Sea, nor Drink a ſhore:
What Lamentations will this Blow ſo ſharp?
Cauſe to be ſet upon the *Iriſh* Harp?

XIV. All Hands to Work, let every faculty
Come help to ſoften this Calamity.
Come you Divines! more than deſerve the fair
Preferments you have had, beat not the Air
In Pulpits, but let your Inſpired Arts
Preach Balſoms to the bruiſed *Ormond*-Hearts,
Enlarge on *Job*, and branch on every Head,
That *David* ſpake when *Ba'ſhba*'s Son was Dead.

XV. VVhere are the Opticks I have often had!
That could reduce a ſhape, tho ne'r ſo bad
Deform'd and ugly, to a handſome hew?
Help now to make things hideous and true;
Look fair though falſe, make *Ormond*'s Houſe believe
They may their *OSSORY* and their Son retrieve.
Give of thoſe Optick Inſtruments, to each
Of his Name one, to valiant Souldiers reach
One a piece more, and then (for fear of failure)
Give two a piece to every fighting Sailer;
Thus by Refractions, and contriv'd reflections
Delude his Friend and temper their Affections.

XVI. Palliate this Sore, ſome *Æſculapian* Hand!
Till dozeing time can *Cicatrize* it, and
Beget new Hopes, until new meaſures be taken,
And old deſigns off from your minds be ſhaken.

XVII. Now, tell me (Heav'ns Favourite) when ſhall I
Leave off to mourn? when? not till thou dy:
You are in Paradice, we know right well
You have already conquer'd Death and Hell;
Send me a Paſport from the place of Bliſs,
And let me your exalted feet go kiſs.
So ſhall your ſhining Face all my Tears dry,
Like Summer-ſun, O let me go, I'le dy. FINIS.

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